Times glory is to calme contending *Kings*,
To vnmaske *falshood*, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of *time* in aged things,
To wake the *morne*, and *sentinell* the night,
To wrong the *wronger* till he render right,
To ruinate *proud* buildings with thy *houres*
And smear with *dust* their glittering golden towrs:

To fill with *worme-holes* stately *monuments*,
To feede *obliuion* with decay of things,
To blot old *bookes*, and alter their contents,
To plucke the *quils* from ancient *Rauens* wings,
To dry the old *oakes* sap, and cherish *springs*.
To spoile *antiquities* of hammered steele,
And turne the giddy *round* of *Fortunes* wheele.

To shew the beldame daughters of her *daughter*,
To make the *child* a man, the man a child,
To slay the *Tyger* that doth liue by slaughter,
To tame the *Vnicorne* and *Lion* wilde,
To mocke the *subtile* in themselues beguild;
To cheare the *Plowman* with increasefull *crops*,
And waste huge *stones* with little *water* drops.

VWhy workst thou mischiefe in thy *pilgrimage*,
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyring *minute* in an age,
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him *wit*, that to bad debtors lends, (back:
O this dread *night*, wouldst thou one houre come
I could preuent this *storme* and shunt his wracke.

Thon ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,
With some mischance crosse *Tarquin* in his flight,
Deuise *extreames* beyond extremity
To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night*:
Let gastly *shadowes* his lewd *eyes* affright,
And the dire *thought* of his committed euill,
Disturbe his *howres* of *rest* with restlesse *trances*,
Afflict him in his *bed* with bedred *grones*:
Let there bechance him pitifull *mischances*:
To make him mone, but pitty not his *mones*:
Stone him with hardened harts *harder* than stones,
And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*.
VWilder to him than *Tigers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue *time* against himselfe to raue,
Let him haue *time* of times helpe to despaire,
Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *slaue*,
Let him haue *time* a beggers *orts* to craue:
And time to see one that by *almes* doth liue,
Disdaine to him disdained *scraps* to giue.

Let him haue time to see his *friends* his foes,
And merry *fooles* to mocke at him resort:
Let him haue time to marke how slow *time* goes
In time of *sorrow*, and how swift and short
His time of *folly*, and his time of *sport*:
And euer let his vnrecalling *time*,
Haue time to waile th'abusing of his time.

O time thou *tutor* both to good and *bad*,
Teach me to curse him that thou taughts this *ill*,
At his owne *shadow* let the *theefe* run mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke euery houre to kill,
Such wretched *hands* such wretched *bloud* should (spill,
For who so base would such an *office* haue,
As slanderous *deaths-man* to so base a slaue?

The baser is he, comming from a *King*,
To shame his *hope* with *deeds* degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him *honour'd* or begets him *hate*:
For greatest *scandall* waits on greatest *state*.
The Moone being clouded presently is miss-